

## Bonfire by Oddlittlereader

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**Summary:**

It's been five years since the events of season two. Steve has moved on with his life, he never expected to run into Billy Hargrove who has grown since that fateful night all those years ago.

## 1. 1

### Author's Note:

Hope you enjoy!

It was like any other Friday night, Steve Harrington, who'd been unable to sleep, was wandering the streets of Chicago, debating on whether or not to go back home. He wasn't too concerned about having to be up early, it was Friday after all and his job at the Chicago Tribune was one of those lucky nine-to-five Monday-to-Friday types. He was a year out of his journalism degree at the University of Chicago and with his father's contacts, he'd been able to land an internship at the paper. Getting coffee and running errands wasn't what he wanted, but it was only a stepping stone to doing some actual writing.

After the events of his senior year, it took years for Steve to sleep through the night. Even now, he was lucky if he slept eight hours a night three times a week. It wasn't like he could tell a therapist that he dreamt of monsters from another dimension, their faces opening like a flower, rows, and rows of teeth chasing towards him or saving the kids in a tunnel full of demon dogs, terrifying feelings of helplessness as they ran towards him and Dustin

But he'd been through enough nights like this over the years to know that staying in bed would have been pointless, so he'd put on his coat and left his apartment. He wasn't scared of the figures that wandered the Chicago streets at night, they were only human after all.

It didn't take long until he'd found himself entering one of the 24-hour bars that littered Chicago. The chilly October air urging him to get a drink and warm up before going back home.

The bar was busier than Steve had expected at two in the morning but he was able to find a seat at the counter regardless. With a beer in one hand he turned around to survey the room, maybe he'd find someone to bring home tonight. He found, one night while in university, that having someone there usually kept the nightmares at bay, he couldn't do it during the week because of work, but

weekends? He almost always had someone in his bed. He'd found he didn't have a preference either, his attraction to men and women had been a surprise but he went with it regardless, in a big city like Chicago it was easier to be into both men and women then it would have been in Hawkins.

No one had stuck though, no relationships worth mentioning in the last five years, nothing since Nancy. Sure he got lonely sometimes, but he was usually able to find someone when times like that happened.

He had friends from University that he saw on weekends and he still visited Hawkins on long weekends to see Dustin and the rest of the kids. Adults, now he figured, they'd graduated in June but were still as close as ever. Dustin was working until he could save the money to come to Chicago, he claimed he was going to move in with Steve but seeing as Steve was in a one bedroom he wasn't too sure how that would go but it was still a ways off.

Steve took a sip from his beer as he watched the room, there was a man in the corner playing pool with a couple of his friends that kept looking over at him. When Steve made eye contact with him he could see the blush that crept down the man's neck and Steve smirked into his drink.

Finishing off the beer turned around and placed it on the counter and grabbing his coat he was about to go over when a voice stopped him, "Another beer?"

He looked up and was met with the bluest eyes he'd ever seen. Words caught in his throat as he stared. Unconsciously he licked his lips and he swallowed thickly before saying, "no...no I'm good."

Then the man smirked, "Well if it isn't King Steve."

Steve blinked and recognition flooded him as recognized the man. Billy Hargrove. He'd beat the hell out of him in their senior year and had avoided him for the rest of it. Last he'd heard from Dustin was that after his dad had died a year ago, Billy was gone. Apparently, he still called Max but he wasn't seen in Hawkins again. Steve had thought he'd never see him again but here he was, working at a bar

in Chicago. His previous mullet was gone and his curls were cut short. Steve knew he was attractive in high school, he hadn't realized that he'd also liked boys then but now? Damn. Something about him lit a fire under Steve's skin even then, he'd thought it'd been anger, but as the now familiar feeling filled him he recognized the attraction. "Billy Hargrove," he raised an eyebrow at the man and leaned on the counter, "last I heard you had disappeared from Hawkins."

Billy placed the beer down in front of him, "On the house," he said. His eyes met Steve's as he smirked, "that was over a year ago. Nothing to keep me there after Neil died."

"So now you work in a bar?" Steve asked, taking a sip of beer.

Billy's eyes darkened and his mouth straightened in a hard line, "not all of us have can have daddy foot the bill for school, Harrington."

Steve shrugged, "didn't mean to insult. What are you doing in school?"

Billy looked away, a blush appeared on his face and Steve had to stop himself from smiling at that, it was cute. "First-year law. Finished my undergrad while I was in Hawkins."

Steve's eyes widened, he hadn't been expecting that "law? You want to be a lawyer Hargrove?"

Billy had a rag in his hand and was wiping the counter, he still wouldn't meet Steve's eyes, "I like to argue. Figured it'd be better to get paid for it." he shrugged.

Steve couldn't help but let out a laugh at the admission, "you're not wrong there Hargrove. Gotta remember you can't use fists in the courtroom though." Steve said it in a joking manner, but even he could hear the steel behind his voice. While the incident had been years ago, Steve hadn't forgiven him but just moved on. He'd thought that he would never see Billy again, so there was no point in remaining angry.

Billy stilled at his words. His fists clenched and Steve was sure that

he was going to get punched again, but instead, he heard Billy let out a deep breath. "I've been wanting to apologize for years for that night. I have some things to explain to you that I can't here." he looked up and Steve was pulled away from his thoughts by those gorgeous baby blues, "Can I buy you a drink tomorrow and I'll try to explain?"

"I...yeah alright." Steve nodded, words stuck in his throat at the emotion he saw in Billy's eyes.

They kept eye contact until Billy bit his lip and Steve's attention was focused on that mouth. He couldn't help but imagine that mouth wrapped around him, Billy had the perfect lips for sucking cock, he almost groaned aloud as just the idea of it shot heat through him straight to his groin. If he stayed, he'd be sporting a very uncomfortable boner and all thanks to Billy Hargrove's fucking lips.

"Meet at O'Shea's on 17th at eight?" Billy said, tearing his gaze away from Steve to go back to wiping the counter.

Shaking his head to get the image of Billy on his knees out of it, Steve nodded. Billy had named a bar not all that far from Steve's apartment which meant walking distance which was good. "See you there Hargrove."

Steve put on his coat and felt Billy's eyes follow him, part of him hoped they were following his ass. He'd never gotten the feeling that Billy Hargrove was gay, the rumors of his nights with different girls had laid that to rest in high school, but now he got the feeling that Billy was as into him as Steve was. Maybe they'd only been rumors in high school or maybe he was into both too.

Steve left the bar, venturing out into the chilly night air. It was time to go home, he needed to think about Billy Hargrove anyways. Something about the boy...no, the man had ignited a fire under his skin that Steve wanted to explore. Billy Hargrove from high school had been a wildfire, loose and out of control, burning everything in its path. This new Billy though felt like a bonfire. Still hot and powerful but there was some semblance of control in him.

Steve grinned as he walked home, maybe it was time to play with

fire. He wasn't too scared about getting burned, sometimes a little pain was worth the pleasure.

## 2. 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

Billy's apology.

Steve got home around four in the morning and tried to sleep again, he managed two hours before he was up again. The nightmare's as raw as the day they'd begun, seeing Billy and with the upcoming anniversary of the incident didn't help. He woke up instantly, rigid as a board and he had to work to unclench every muscle in his body. A headache had formed from clenching his teeth for the last two hours.

Steve sighed and sat up, he ran a hand through his hair and looked at the clock. It was only six thirty in the morning. Fuck. He needed coffee if he was going to make it through the rest of the day on only four hours of sleep in total.

He filled his day with errands, getting groceries and cleaning. Something he'd been putting off for a couple weeks but he couldn't help but hope that maybe he wouldn't be coming back here alone and for that to happen, he needed a clean apartment.

Before he realized it, it was almost seven and he should have already been getting dressed. He was swearing as he dug through his closet for something to wear. Bet Billy wasn't putting as much thought into this as he was. In the end, he put on a pair of tight-fitting black jeans that he knew made his ass look great and a dark red sweater. It was October after all.

He looked at his hair quickly, good enough. It was already 7:45 and it took at least a fifteen-minute walk to get to the bar. Quickly grabbing his coat he ran out the door.

He was late. Only five minutes but Steve had always prided himself on being on time. "Hi sorry I'm late. Lost track of time." He sat heavily down across from Billy, shrugging out of his coat he sat back and looked at the man. He was dressed in a dark blue button down, only the top two buttons undone instead of the first five like in high school. The color made his blue eyes pop even more and Steve felt a

pull in his lower abdomen. Fuck this man was attractive.

Billy smirked at him, "It's fine. I got you a beer, but I can get you something else if you want." he gestured to the bottle in front of Steve.

"A beer is great." Steve gave him a small smile as he grabbed the drink. Something to wrap his hands around instead of fidgeting with them.

Billy ran a hand through his hair and cleared his throat, "I...thanks for coming tonight. I wanted to apologize for what happened years ago."

"Why now?" Steve asked leaning back, his eyes narrowing as he stared at him.

"I haven't seen you for years....and I...started therapy to handle the anger," he said the second part so quietly that Steve almost didn't hear but his eyes widened on their own accord.

"My dad was a manipulative asshole who took his anger out me and after that night Max made me realize I was turning into him and with her help I was seeing someone without Neil knowing," Billy said it all without taking a breath like it was hard for him to even get the words out and Steve wouldn't have been surprised if it had been the hardest thing he'd done. Billy wasn't known for being honest or even open but something about that night years ago made him realize that he was on the wrong path.

Steve didn't know what to say to the admission but it seemed like Billy wasn't looking for anything as he continued, "So I just...wanted to say I'm sorry. My anger shouldn't have been taken out on you and it was wrong of me."

Billy looked at him through those fucking long lashes of his and Steve's breath was caught in his throat and all he wanted to do was kiss him. He had to push the feeling down and deal with the matter at hand, he found himself nodding, "I forgive you. It's all in the past now. You seem like a different person than the Billy Hargrove I knew in high school." Steve reached out and put a hand on top Billy's,



which was resting on the table. He wasn't expecting the heat to rush through him at the touch of his skin and from the widening of Billy's eyes, he'd felt it too.

Billy cleared his throat and Steve pulled his hand away, his mind reeling, "I'm trying to change." Billy said quietly, his hand going to wrap around the beer bottle, a blush was creeping up his neck.

Steve gave him a small smile, "I can see that."

Billy met his eyes and one side of his mouth was up in a smile, Billy Hargrove had changed. He'd never seen anything resembling an actual smile on the man's face. Then Billy was asking him about school and life and one topic blended into another and without realizing it hours had gone by until Billy looked at his watch and swore.

"Fuck. I'm sorry I have to go, my shift starts in a half hour." Billy stood quickly and Steve glanced at the clock it was 11:30. Where had the time gone?

"You're working tonight?" Steve was able to keep most of the disappointment out of his voice but apparently, some got through.

Billy looked down at him, "Yeah...weekends the best pay."

Steve nodded, made sense, it didn't keep the disappointment away though, "You walking?" Steve asked, standing up beside Billy. He hadn't realized he was so close and when Steve stood his chest brushed Billy's and he saw the man swallow hard.

"It's only a couple blocks away. I figured I would." Billy shrugged not meeting Steve's eyes.

"I'll walk with you," Steve said and followed Billy once he'd nodded his acceptance.

They walked together in silence for a while until Billy said, "So we just go back to not seeing each other after this?"

Steve didn't say anything for a minute, he didn't want that. He wanted to see Billy again, something about this new Billy made him

want to explore and discover, he hadn't felt that way since Nancy. "I hope not."

Evidently, that wasn't the answer that Billy was expecting as his head shot up and he stared at Steve in almost muted shock.

Steve almost laughed at the look on his face, "What?"

Billy looked away again and even in the dark Steve could see him getting red, "I didn't...I didn't think you liked..."

Ahh. That's what this was about. Steve shrugged, "I like boys and I like girls."

Billy linked his hands behind his head, "wasn't expecting that. Part of me always thought you were queer Harrington."

"You're not entirely wrong," Steve said, a crooked smile on his face.

Billy looked at him, studying him, "guess not Harrington."

The bar was just around the corner and Steve was sad to see that the walk was shorter than he thought, he enjoyed his time with Billy. Something he'd never expected to say.

They were passing the alley when Steve found himself pulled to the side and pushed against the wall. Billy's mouth was on his and Steve's hands grasped at the man. Heat shot through Steve as he kissed Billy Hargrove, all tongue and teeth, nothing refined. Slopped and hot as hell. Steve's arms grasped Billy's shoulders and pulled, trying to get closer to him.

When they broke apart both were gasping. Billy's pupils were blown wide with lust as he stared at Steve, his lips swollen. Billy leaned his forehead against Steve's, the blue eyes filled Steve's vision, "I've been wanting to do that since high school." Billy whispered.

Steve's eyes widened, since high school? That was... five years ago. "Not bad Hargrove." he laughed as he brushed a finger across Billy's cheek.

"Guess I should take you on an actual date hey?" Billy asked before

kissing Steve slowly.

Pulling away Steve gave him a lazy grin, "Gotta wine and dine me before you can get in these pants."

Billy's eyes flicked down and he seemed to lick his lips unconsciously, "I think I can do that Harrington."

"See to it you do." Steve pushed away from the wall, missing the body heat of the other man instantly, and reached into his pocket and took out a notebook. He scribbled his number on a piece of paper before handing it to Billy, "here, call me and we'll organize it."

Smirking Billy took the paper and carefully folded it and put it in his pocket, "will do. I'll see you soon Harrington."

He gave Steve one final look that did things to his insides before leaving, he was almost to the corner when Steve found himself calling out, "Hey Hargrove!" Billy turned around, an eyebrow quirked, "call me Steve." and Billy let out a loud laugh before nodding. He lifted his hand in farewell before turning the corner and disappearing.

With a sigh, Steve leaned back against the wall. A date? With Billy Hargrove? Something about him made Steve want more. More than just a casual fuck. He wanted to see what made him tick. He pushed off the wall and started his way home.

It wasn't long before he was home, lying in his bed and dressed in only his boxers. His mind couldn't help but drift to the events of earlier that night. The way his body had pressed against Steve's made him want more. Steve reached down and pulled himself out of his underwear, letting out a sigh as he wrapped his hand around himself. He thought of Billy's lips and what they'd look like wrapped around his cock, Billy on his knees pretty pink lips stretched as he took Steve to the hilt. Steve thrust into his hand, imagining he was fucking Billy's face. His hand wrapped in the blonde boy's curls as he brought himself closer and closer to the edge. Just the image of Billy on his knees for Steve was too much and Steve was arching his back and letting out a gasp as he came in his hand.

Fuck he hadn't done that in a while.

Getting up he cleaned off his chest before laying down, maybe he'd be able to get some actual sleep tonight.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Let me know what you think!

### 3. 3

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy's first official date.

He wasn't lucky after all, waking up around five am, with only four hours of sleep. He sighed as he stood, planning on starting his day even at the early hour. With it being five am, he knew there was no chance that he'd be sleeping again today.

Stretching as he walked, he padded barefoot into his kitchen, he yawned as he turned on the coffee maker. The smell of coffee waking him up slowly and Steve Harrington started his day, getting ready for his week by preparing his schedule and making sure he knew what would be going on. He may not like his job as an intern, but he was going to be the best damn intern they'd ever have.

He'd left his apartment in search of food and came back to a blinking light on his answering machine. Anticipation filled him, god he hoped it was Billy. At that thought, he wrinkled his nose at his own behaviour. Waiting for a boy to call? He was acting like a high school girl. With a shake of his head, he pressed the play button and Billy's deep voice filled the apartment, " Hey Harrin-Sorry Steve, it's Billy, I have my schedule for the next week if you want to...well. Go on a date I suppose. How does Friday at seven at that new restaurant on 30th sound? I think it's called Raven's Rook or something. Anyways you can call me at this number if you want." Steve chuckled at the nervousness in the man's voice. Could just imagine the red blush creeping down his neck. "Okay...I'm going to go now. Have a good week Harr-awe fuck, Steve." The line clicked and Steve felt himself smiling like a damned fool.

Steve picked up the phone and pressed the recall button, the line ringing for a minute before he was met with an answering machine, Billy's gruff voice spoke, "You've got Hargrove. You know what to do."

Steve's lips tilted up in a smile, "Seems we've missed each other again Billy. I'll see you Friday. Wear something blue," he proceeded

to hang up the phone, a stupid smile blossoming on his face. Something about the man was cute, he'd changed from the gruff volatile high schooler from all those years ago. Now he seemed to have calmed down and become more comfortable with himself.

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**October 27th, 1989**

His week had been busy, every day taken up with doing errands for the higher-ups, but his responsibilities were getting more intense as one of the other interns got sick. No one talked about it, but it was whispered that it was the sickness. The one that people weren't willing to recognize. Even though everyone knew someone who was either sick or had passed. The epidemic still going on, no cure in sight, it was a death sentence to get sick.

Even with the added stress, Steve couldn't help but feel a bubble of excitement inside of him. Today was Friday. Today he'd see Billy Hargrove. Gathering his messenger bag and coat and saying his goodbyes to his coworkers, he left for the weekend. It was five, he had two hours before he had to be at the restaurant which had turned out to be twenty minutes from his place. So, in reality, he only had an hour and a half. He definitely had to hurry.

It took almost all of the hour and a half for him to be ready, his hair taking the longest of course. Then choosing his clothes? He wasn't sure what to wear but settled on a black button down and black dress pants. Pulling on his coat and scarf he left the house, determined to be there on time.

Steve arrived with five minutes to spare and with a word to the waitress he was able to get a partially private booth for him and Billy.

Just as his watch hit seven, he saw Billy enter. Wearing a darker blue button down than the time before. his tight dark wash jeans clinging to him in the most perfect way. Billy saw him as he walked in and with a grin, he slid into the seat across from Steve.

"Well hey there, pretty boy." Billy grinned at him, his eyes dark.

Steve swallowed at the unexpected nickname, but he leaned forward, his hair falling onto his face, "Pretty boy?"

Billy nodded and leaned forward to get to Steve's level, "Pretty boy. Only call them like I see them," Billy's voice dropped an octave, "what I wouldn't do to see you strung out and begging, what a pretty boy."

His words went straight to Steve's cock, but unwilling to show Billy how much he was affecting him he tilted his head and stared at the man, "I don't beg."

Billy's grin widened and he swiped a tongue across his bottom lip, "you'd beg for me."

"You seem very confident about that." Steve said, his eyes almost closed as he gazed across the table, "lots of experience in that department?"

At the question Billy didn't meet his eyes, instead choosing to watch his hands which had been fiddling with his lighter, "enough," then he looked up at Steve, "what about you pretty boy? What experience do you have?"

Steve gazed at Billy until he saw the red flush creep up his neck, "more than enough to handle you." he whispered, his voice dropping low.

Billy opened his mouth to respond when their waitress walked up, "Hi! Welcome to Raven's Rook, can I get you fellas anything to drink?"

Steve nodded, "two beers please," the waitress nodded, leaving menus on the table.

"I'll be back soon to take your order." She said and left the two men alone.

"Ordering for me now Harrington?" Billy asked, his gaze hot as he stared at Steve.

"Someone had to and I thought I said to call me Steve." Steve leaned

forward and leaned his chin on his hand, “you seem to have a hard time following requests Billy.” Steve’s eyes were dark with want. He’d been hard since he saw Billy walk in, those tight pants doing more things to him than he’d like to admit.

“Didn’t seem like too much of a request,” Billy mumbled, pulling his menu towards him and avoiding Steve’s eyes.

“Fine. I request that you don’t use Harrington anymore. I’m not my father after all.” Steve said, reaching forwards to pull the menu down and force Billy to meet his eyes.

“I...Yes, Steve.” Billy swallowed.

Steve reached across and brushed his hand across Billy’s cheek. Billy’s eyes widened at the affectionate gesture and Steve only smiled at him, “I’ve been looking forward to this all week.”

Billy relaxed under his hand and gave him a tentative smile, “me too. It’s been a busy week.”

“School?” Steve pulled his hand back, already missing the feel of Billy’s skin under his hand.

“Yeah...had two midterms this last week and another two next week.” Billy picked up the menu again.

“I can’t say I miss being a student,” Steve said with a laugh.

“You were one not that long ago, pretty boy.” Billy pointed out.

“I guess yeah. Feels like another lifetime. I’ve only been an intern for six months...still have another six months left in the internship though.” Steve felt at ease with the blonde man, “Enough about school though. We should order.”

Billy nodded and they were silent as they read the menu.

It was taking all of Steve’s self-control to not leave here with Billy in tow and just go back to his apartment. The blonde man was more than he ever wanted, enough fight to be more than fun and enough confidence to shoot right back at him, but he still got all embarrassed



and cute. He could bet that while Billy might have been with men before, there weren't many, but then living in a town like Hawkins didn't leave much to experimentation. Hell Steve didn't even figure out the guy thing until university. But Billy had gone to school not far from Hawkins, so still wouldn't have been able to do anything.

After ordering, Steve just watched Billy, watching him as he started to fidget under his gaze.

It only took a minute for Billy to snap, "What are you staring at?" he snarled.

Steve hums, "just thinking how good you'd look on your knees." Billy went bright red and Steve had to take a deep breath to stop the laughter that was bubbling up.

It took a second for Billy to retaliate, "I'm quite the picture pretty boy, but I can't imagine I'd look any better than you." Billy's grin widened.

"That may be true. Who knows, maybe you'll even see tonight." Steve's lips twitched up into a half smile.

"I'm counting on it." Billy finishes off with a wink and Steve's laughing as their food arrives.

It wasn't long before they were closing their check, Billy insisted on covering as he was the one who'd asked Steve out. Steve sighed and followed the man out of the restaurant.

"Let me cover next time," Steve said, walking alongside Billy down the sidewalk, close enough for their shoulders to brush.

"Next time, hey?" Billy's grin widened and he pushed against Steve's shoulder.

"Next time. I'll pick the place. Somewhere with better drinks." Steve said, pulling a face, the beer had been...mediocre at best.

"Such a snob, pretty boy." Billy said, a snort of laughter following, "my bar is close to here. We probably have something to suit that expensive taste of yours."

Steve smiled at him, his eyes going soft, “sounds good babe.”

Billy’s eyes widened and his mouth dropped open a little bit before he turned away, rubbing a hand across his quickly reddening face, “J-just a couple blocks from here.” he stuttered.

Without warning, Steve grabbed Billy’s wrist and pulled him around the corner into an alley, pulling him until they were hidden behind a dumpster. Steve pushed Billy against the wall, his lips meeting Billy’s, everything was rough and passionate, all teeth and lips and tongue.

Steve pulled at Billy’s hair, his hands tangled in the strands, pulling a low deep whine from somewhere inside Billy and Steve grinned against his lips. He pulled away to mouth and nip at the skin of Billy’s neck. His hands buried in Steve’s hair, little jolts of pain went straight to his dick as he sucked at the neck of Billy Hargrove.

“Steve.” a moan left Billy’s mouth, and Steve pulled away to meet his eyes, eyes that were almost all pupil. Entirely blown up with lust. Meeting Billy’s lips again, Steve snaked a hand in between their bodies and grasped Billy through his jeans. Billy was groaning and gasping as Steve worked his hand over the bulge.

Hands faltering he fumbled with the buttons on Billy’s jeans, not stopping his kisses he was able to get them unbuckled and pushed down enough that Billy’s cock fell hot and heavy into his hand.

“So hard for me, is this what I do to you baby?” Steve whispered into Billy’s ear, his voice husky. Billy’s head fell against the wall as Steve sank to his knees. Licking the underside before sucking on the tip, he swallowed Billy as far as he could.

Steve started to bob his head, letting the tip of his cock hit the back of his throat, his hand reaching whatever his mouth couldn’t. Steve hummed around Billy, making the blonde man almost cry out. His hands buried themselves in Steve’s hair again, needing something to grab onto.

It didn’t take long until Billy was gasping, “Steve, I’m gonna-” he groaned, thrusting desperately into Steve’s mouth. Swallowing him as far as he could, tears gathering in his eyes Steve swallowed all of

Billy, not getting off until Billy himself was tugging him upwards.

He was pulled to Billy's lips, the taste of Billy on his tongue as they met. Pulling away Steve couldn't help but smile at the blissed-out happiness on Billy's face.

Billy leaned against the wall, trying to catch his breath, he glanced at Steve and saw the smile on his face, "what?" he asked quietly, still recovering.

"Just thinking how you were right." Steve said, brushing his hand over his cheek, "you did see me on my knees."

Billy grinned, "can't say I'm complaining, pretty boy." he reached down and pulled his pants back up.

Steve ran a hand through his hair, setting the swoop back in place, "no, no one ever does." he pulled away from the wall and with a glance at the alley opening he said, "we should probably get out of here."

Billy nodded and pushed off the wall, "probably." he followed Steve out and onto the street, "you still want that drink?"

Steve's eyes were soft when he nodded, "lead the way babe."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Let me know what you thought?

### **Author's Note:**

Let me know what you think.

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